

# The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s. Stamped; 12s. Unstamped; to be forwarded by Money Order or Postage Stamps, to the Publisher, W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

No. 40.—VOL. XXIV.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1849.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE.  
{ STAMPED FOURPENCE.

## EPICRAM FROM THE GREEK OF ASCLEPIADES.

STILL art thou timid and coy? Oh, why? When once into Hades  
Thou hast descended, be sure, maiden, no love wilt thou find.  
Venus bestows her delights on the living. In Acheron, maiden,  
When we are laid, we shall be—nought except ashes and dust.

J. O.

## MUSICAL POT POURRI.

BALFE is at Frankfort, superintending the rehearsals of the *Bohemian Girl*. He is engaged to conduct it for three nights.

MR. LUMLEY is in Paris. His business is not generally known, but it is anticipated to be in connection with the Italian theatre.

RONCONI will be in London on the 24th. He is engaged by Mr. Stammer's to sing at the first of the Wednesday Concerts.

SIMS REEVES has recovered from his illness, and has commenced a provincial tour of five months with Miss Lucombe.

ALBONI is at Brussels. She started from London on Tuesday, the 2nd inst. It was at Leamington, not at Cheltenham, that Alboni played Norina, not Norma, to the Don Pasquale of Signor Paltoni, on the previous Saturday. The band consisted of two fiddles, a bass, a clarinet, and a pianoforte. Luckily Benedict was at the pianoforte, and that accomplished conductor is an orchestra in himself. Alboni sang also at a concert at Brighton, on Monday morning, with Bartolini, Polonini, and Menghis. The great *contralto* is now enjoying her *otium cum dignitate* at the Hotel de Bellevue.

OLONINI left for Paris on Monday, the 1st inst.

MADLLE. CORBARI, MADLLE. LOUISE CORBARI, and TAGLIAFICO returned to London from Edinburgh on Friday, the 29th ult., having concluded their tour with Mr. Beale. On the following evening they set out for St. Petersburg, *via* Lubeck, where it is to be hoped, by this time, they have safely arrived. The French papers announced their arrival there long ago, in company with Mario, Grisi, Tamburini, and Gardoni, who started a long time in advance of them. Mario and Grisi left immediately after the Birmingham Festival, taking Brighton by the way, where they gave a concert with Ronconi, which was crowded.

JULLIEN is rusticated and aquaticising at Brighton. He will soon be home to prepare for his concerts at Drury Lane Theatre.

JETTY DE TREFFZ will leave Vienna on the 20th for London, to fulfil an engagement of three months with M. Jullien.

BENEDICT is at Dover, with his family, enjoying a little repose after the fatigue of the festivals and his recent tour. He will start for another tour, with Miss Hayes, at the beginning of November.

MEYERBEER is at Dresden, superintending the rehearsals of his *Prophete*.

MR. GYE, the future manager of the Royal Italian Opera, is enjoying a trip on the Rhine.

COSTA.—The indefatigable *chef d'orchestra* has been in London, since the Birmingham Festival, making arrangements for the opera next season. He starts for the Isle of Wight, where he intends to repose for a while from his labours, and gather strength for the re-commencement of the performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

JARRET is taking a tour in the Belgian towns, previous to paying a visit to Paris.

STRAUSS, the celebrated composer of waltzes, &c., died at Vienna of the scarletina, about ten days ago. He is universally regretted.

LUIGI MEI, the tenor, intends passing the winter in London.

PARIS.—The *Academie Royale*, or Grand Opera, or *Theatre de la Nation*, opened last week with *Lucia*, which was very poorly executed. Espinasse was the tenor, Madame Massen the Lucia, and Porteau the Enrico. Berlioz is very severe on the performance. The *Favorite* has since been produced for the *rentrée* by Roger and Madlle. Masson. The popular tenor, who has just returned from a highly successful tour in Hamburg, and other German towns, was received with enthusiasm. A new opera by Halevy, *La Fée aux Roses*, has been produced with a success not exceeded by that of the *Val d'Andorre*.

VIVIER has returned to Paris and has already caused commotions in various social circles.

RACHEL is positively going to leave the *Theatre Francaise* after Christmas. She goes thence either to St. Petersburg, or the United States, but has not decided which.

ERNST is at Paris, reposing himself from music and publicity. On the 26th ult., he gave a concert at Boulogne-sur-Mer, with Miss Hayes and Osborne. The concert was very successful. He is *not* going on a tour in the French provinces, but will probably return to London during the winter.

MR. T. M. MUDIE, the well-known composer and pianist, has resumed his professional avocations at Edinburgh.

MADAME SONTAG will shortly visit Edinburgh and Glasgow. On the 4th she gave a concert at Birmingham for the benefit of the poor.

MADLLE. JENNY LIND is still at Ems. She recently gave a concert there for charitable purposes, which concert was crowded.

LOLA MONTEZ is at Boulogne-sur-Mer, with her young and ardent spouse—they are as happy as turtle-doves.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Season will commence in November, with Handel's *Solomon*.

THE ITALIAN OPERA AT ST. PETERSBURGH.—In consequence of the death of the Emperor's brother, the Grand Duke Michael, the theatres will be shut for three months, during which our Italian favorites will have nothing to do but to keep themselves warm, and take a trip to Moscow.

## PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

In our preliminary notice, last week, we expressed a fear that Mr. Maddox would endanger the success of his excellent *corps opératique*, by not providing an efficient band and chorus, and that the promises held forth in his bills would be carried out cautiously and scrupulously, after the usual mode of managerial economising, rather than determinedly and regardless of expense to render the works produced at the Princess's complete in every respect. It affords us no small pleasure to acknowledge we have been most agreeably disappointed. Mr. Maddox, or more properly, Mr. Loder, Mr. Maddox assenting, has collected together one of the most complete body of instrumentalists we have heard in London for very many years, apart from the Opera houses. The improvement on last season is so striking, as to be manifested immediately. The first four bars of the overture to *Don Giovanni*, on Monday night, at once exhibited the precision and force of the performers, and, ere the conclusion, we recognised the presence of ready and well-practised artists. In short, no better orchestra could be desired for a theatre like the Princess's, and the triumphant success they achieved for themselves in *Don Giovanni*, is a strong warranty that no music can henceforth come amiss to them. The first violins, with Mr. Thomas, from the Royal Italian Opera, acting as leader—a most excellent performer is Mr. Thomas—are all good; the tenors equally so; the basses no less so; in short, were we so inclined, we should feel at a loss to pick out a weak point in the band. This is a splendid move in the right way, and Maddox may now congratulate himself on having laid the foundation stone of an English Opera-house.

The chorus is also deserving of praise, although not to the same extent as the band. They sing well together, and have power enough for the size of the theatre. They seem to lack strength in the middle voices. No doubt Mr. Loder will remedy any fault of this kind, if fault there be, for, after all, we may be in error.

The opening night of the season was perhaps the most brilliant first night since the theatre was built. There was much curiosity to hear Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre* done in English; there was curiosity also to hear the popular tenor, Mr. Harrison, after his two years' absence from the metropolitan boards, and a great desire to welcome him back; a still greater curiosity was awakened ament the *début* of Miss Louisa Pyne, who was so loudly vaunted in Boulogne journals, and praised by so many admiring friends; and if to all these curiosities be added the curiosity which a "first night" at a favourite theatre never fails to excite, those who were not enticed to the theatre may have some idea of the anxiety and speculation that prevailed previous to the performance, and of the crowds which were attracted.

There is nothing like flying at the very highest quarry: if you fail, the failure carries with it its own pardon—if you succeed, the success is trebly glorious. *Don Giovanni* is the most difficult of all operas to have executed completely in all its parts. Every individual character requires a first-rate artist to realise the intention. Never was there dramatic creation which exacts such universality of powers and such lavishness of nature's gifts as the hero, Don Giovanni. To render the personification, not perfect merely, but even adequate and satisfactory, the artist must be endowed with form and face, surpassing grace, ease, elegance, noble bearing, and every seeming accomplishment of mind; he must combine the highest comic and tragic powers, and must be a thorough master of the vocal art. Rarely, indeed, do we find one who

is so accomplished and so gifted. We have seen *one* only in our own times.

The entire of the music of *Don Giovanni* was given on Monday night, with the exception of the final chorus of demons, which, although we cannot tell exactly why or wherefore, is almost invariably omitted in the performance. We thank Mr. Loder for restoring Ottavio's beautiful aria in the first act—the "Della tua pace" of the original (we kept no count of the English words)—and are only sorry he did not add the chorus of demons to the restorations. However, we should be deeply grateful for what we did get; for not even at Covent Garden was the opera given in greater integrity and entirety.

One fault only have we to charge Mr. Loder with, and that is, the performance of the overture with Winter's alterations, or more properly new conclusion. This innovation was effected by Winter in no meddling spirit, but with a view to render it playable in a concert room, seeing that, as it is written, it modulates into Leporello's opening air, and could not be so played apart from the opera, at least, effectively. The alteration is anything but an improvement, and unto ears accustomed to hear it performed righteously, is positively disagreeable. We might point to another "introductory" departure from the text, namely, the flute symphony to the duet, "La ci darem," which in the original has no symphony at all, but commences at once from the recitative. Perhaps the want of the recitative necessitated Mr. Loder's symphonic introduction. With these exceptions, the general getting-up of the opera is entitled to the most unqualified praise; and we may venture to say that Mozart's great work was never given in so finished and complete a state before on the English stage. As a first performance, too, it was unexceptionable. Every body seemed well acquainted with his part, and indeed we do not remember having ever attended at the first representation of a great work in which the prompter's office was so nearly a sinecure. This reflects the highest credit on every artist concerned in the performance, and exhibits their reverence for the mighty composer, no less than their ambition to please, and gain favour with the public.

While the general performance was so creditable to all the parties engaged, we have to select for particular notice Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Weiss, who, in their respective parts of Zerlina and Leporello, obtained each a success seldom achieved on the English operatic boards. Miss Louisa Pyne's success was immediate and unequivocal. Her voice is a pure soprano, of a sweet and pleasing, rather than a powerful and brilliant quality. It is slightly veiled, but is, notwithstanding, clear and true. The intonation is invariably correct. Miss Louisa Pyne's method and style are both entitled to praise. She sings with the best possible taste, and evidences both skill and judgment in her vocalization. Her first effort in the duet with Don Giovanni, stamped her at once as an artist of no mean order. She sang with great purity of tone, and infused into those delicious "bye-bits" Mozart has given Zerlina, a sweetness of expression and delicacy of feeling that would have reflected credit on any singer. The "Batti, batti," and the "Vedrai carino," were both rendered with equal sweetness, and freshness of tone, but were perhaps not equally effective from the want of a little more archness and piquancy infused into the acting.

To judge from Miss Louisa Pyne's ease and practised bearing on the stage, we should feel inclined to pronounce her decidedly no novice; yet we are assured she had not previously appeared six times on the dramatic boards. If this be so, the natural talent of the young *debutante* must be something

remarkable, as, through all the deficiencies of her Zerlina in her acting, we espied a purpose and a grace which spoke volumes for the future. Nay, in some of her efforts on Monday night, there was evidenced a simplicity and a *naïveté* that were quite charming. The prevailing defect of Miss Louisa Pyne's acting appears to be a want of sufficient warmth, and a fear of pushing her endeavours into extravagance. Both the "Batti, batti," and the "Vedrai Carino," would have been considerably improved by the addition of a little animation and vivacity, with a slight besprinkling of coquetry. We have no doubt but that the fair vocalist will amend as she becomes more used to the stage, and we look forward to her as being one of the ornaments of the English operatic stage.

A greater success than that achieved by Miss Louisa Pyne could not be desired by her warmest admirers. She was received throughout with every demonstration of applause, and was called for twice during the performance.

Miss Louisa Pyne is rather *petite* in stature; she is neatly moulded in figure, which inclines to *enbonpoint*. Her features are lively and intelligent, her hair is light, and she has very small feet. Such reader, are our first impressions, mental and personal, of the fair and youthful *débutante* at the Princess's Theatre.

Mr. Weiss pleased us vastly in Leporello, and, had he refrained from certain voluminous extravagance, would have entitled himself to our unqualified praise. He sang splendidly throughout. In the "Catalogue" song and the grand sestet, more especially, he was admirable, his powerful voice telling with great effect. In the last scene we were much pleased to see Mr. Weiss lay aside his extravagancies, and follow the view Formes takes of Leporello's scene with the ghost, in preference to that indulged in by Lablache and his copyists. His terror, though great, was natural, and he did not evoke a single titter in the house—the best compliment which could be paid to him in the situation. Mr. Weiss has improved in his singing since last season. He seems to *feel* his power now, where formerly he appeared to be groping in the dark:—and this is no small advance.

We expressed an opinion in our last number that Mr. W. Harrison was somewhat incapacitated from the performance of Don Giovanni by voice, manner, and feeling. We had no desire to underrate or deny the acknowledged abilities of the popular tenor by this expression. We meant simply, that the character and the music were unsuited to Mr. W. Harrison—we felt perfectly convinced of it,—and after witnessing the performance a second time, we see no reason to alter our opinions. In the first place, Don Giovanni was written for a barytone, and Mr. Harrison has a tenor voice. It certainly has sometimes happened that tenors have performed the part of Don Giovanni, but then it was either such tenors as Braham and Donzelli, whose middle voices were as powerful as those of any barytone; or else it was a broken down tenor, like Garcia, who, by the force of his transcendent acting, could make multitudinous amends for any vocal deficiency. In the next place, Mr. Harrison has gone out of his way (for the first time, we believe) to sing Italian or German music, the feeling of which is scarcely identical with that of our own music, to which, and to which alone, he has devoted his talents, and in which he has gained his reputation. No one will pretend to deny that there is a different feeling, taste, and skill required in interpreting the very pretty air, whose words (if we recall them right) commence—

"Ill-gifted ring,  
Full many a vow,"—

and the loveliest of all serenades, the soul-entrancing "Deh! vieni alla finestra," and that it demands a different course of study and practice altogether, to render them both effective as they might be made. It must not, therefore, be considered unreasonable on our part that we were not deeply impressed with Mr. Harrison's acting and singing in Don Giovanni, a character which, as we said above, is the most difficult to realise in the whole range of the lyric drama. Mr. Harrison's Don Giovanni, if we are to take applause as a criterion, certainly found favour in the eyes or ears of the audience. He was encored frequently, and applauded lustily, and called for at the end with vociferous acclamations.

Heretofore we have found no real fault with Mr. Harrison for his performance of Don Giovanni; for, allowing the character to be out of his line, we did not think it offered grounds for legitimate criticism; but for the liberties, and the very puerile ones, which Mr. Harrison took with Mozart's score, we cannot pronounce reprehension sufficiently strong. For a tenor to show off his falsetto voice and exhibit his high chest notes, more especially when the best parts of his voice may be thus displayed, it is both usual and natural; but to do both at the expense of Mozart is "most tolerable, and not to be endured." In the trio beginning the second act, "Ah! taci ingiusto core," the harmonies were destroyed and the feeling by no means improved by alto displays and ill-judged cadences; nor could we by any tenor stretch of favour be seduced into tolerating the vocal pirouettes in the serenade, which, but for such pirouettes, would have been excellently sung by Mr. Harrison. Indeed, when Mr. Harrison attempted little or nothing, he was most successful. In the "La ci darem" duet, with Miss Louisa Pyne, he sang with almost unexceptionable taste, and the song of Masetto in the second act, when Don Giovanni is disguised as Leporello, was admirable in every respect.

Mr. Allen sang the music of Ottavio with his customary musical feeling and skill. He introduced the generally omitted air, "Dalla tua pace," which he rendered with much expression and taste. The famous "Il mio tesoro," although perhaps taken too slowly, which gave it a sombre cast, was vocalized with neatness and delicacy, and the passages executed forcibly with great facility. A better Ottavio than Mr. Allen could hardly be desired on the English stage.

Of Mrs. Weiss's Elvira, and Madlle. Nau's Donna Anna, we can speak most favourably. The former lady literally took us by surprise by the manner in which she sung the music of Elvira, perhaps the most difficult in the whole opera. To say Mrs. Weiss's singing was all that could be desired, would be saying something too much, but the very fact of her rendering so difficult an air as the "Ah! chi mi dice mai," and the still more difficult "Mi tradi," with even comparative success, speaks largely for the lady's improvement. Mrs. Weiss had at one time one of the finest soprano voices in England. Of late years—at least, since her *début* on the stage—her voice appeared to have lost its quality, its character, and its power. From what we heard on Monday night, we have reason to hope Mrs. Weiss is recovering her vocal powers.

Madlle. Nau's Donna Anna, as might naturally be expected, was deficient in power and intensity; nor did her *Opera Comique* style accord forcibly with the breadth and depth required in the music of Don Giovanni. She sang well, however, and was highly effective in the trio in the mask scene, the florid passages of which were rendered with great facility and accuracy.

Mr. Herman—a German importation from the Munich



Theatre—who played the Commandant, has a gruff, powerful, and sometimes *telling* voice, but the quality is not of the most captivating kind. His strong, rough tones were by no means ineffective in the last scene, which, independent of his singing, he went through with great propriety.

Mr. H. Corri, from Covent Garden Theatre (of old), and, we believe, from the Hawkins Street Theatre, Dublin, made his first appearance as Masetto. He has a tolerable voice, and is a brisk actor,—too brisk, perhaps, as he seemed to exert himself exuberantly in every scene. We hope it may occur sometimes to Mr. H. Corri, that there is a slight difference between comic acting and gross caricature. The audiences of the Princess's do not all come from across the water.

The dresses, appointments, and scenery, were excellent, and nothing appeared to have been spared in procuring a complete and perfect *ensemble*.

The utmost enthusiasm prevailed throughout the opera, which, increasing to the end, became a *furor* when the curtain fell, and all the artists appeared.

We have to congratulate the manager on so brilliant an opening night, which we trust may prove but the forerunner of many such successes.

The opera was followed by a very amusing extravaganza, taken from the French, called, *The First Night*, in which Mr. A. Wigan made his appearance, and other actors, of whom we shall have more to say bye and bye. The piece was highly successful, and excited roars of laughter.

*Don Giovanni* has been performed every night during the week with undiminished success. Miss Louisa Pyne improves and gains on the audience with every performance.

#### THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(Continued from page 597.)

LXXIV. THERE are sacred serpents about Thebes, which do no injury to man. They are small, and have two horns, which grow from the top of the head. When they die they are buried in the temple of Zeus, to which god, it is said, they are sacred.

LXXV. There is a place in Arabia, not far from the city of Buto (a). To this place I went to enquire about winged serpents. When I came there I saw the spinal and other bones of serpents in an innumerable quantity. There were many heaps of these spines, larger, smaller, and smaller still. The place in which the bones are scattered is of this kind: there is an entrance from the narrow mountain passes to a large plain, and this plain borders upon the Egyptian plain. It is said, that at the beginning of the spring, winged serpents fly from Arabia into Egypt, but that the birds called ibis, meeting the serpents on their entrance into the latter country, do not let them pass, but kill them. The Arabs say, that it is on account of this service that the ibis is greatly honoured by the Egyptians, and the Egyptians themselves confirm this statement.

LXXVI. The form of the ibis is this: it is extremely black all over, has the legs of a crane, a back extremely curved, and is of the size of a *crex*. This is the form of the black ibis, which fights against the serpents. Of those which have more intercourse with men (for the ibis is of two kinds), the form is as follows: part of the head and all the throat is bald; the plumage is white, except that of the head, the neck, the tip of the wings, and the end of the tail, all of which are extremely black. The thighs and the beak are similar to

those in the other kind. The shape of the (flying) serpent is like that of a water-snake. Its wings are not covered with feathers, but are as similar as possible to those of a bat. Let so much suffice with respect to the sacred animals.

LXXVII. Among the Egyptians, those who reside about that part of Egypt which is sown with seed, (b) exercise their memory (c) more than all the rest of mankind, and are far more wise than any people I have learned to know. Their mode of life is as follows: they take purgative medicines for three successive days in every month, and seek health by means of emetics and lavements, thinking that all the diseases of mankind proceed from the food. Indeed, after the Libyans, the Egyptians are the healthiest of all mankind, on account (to my thinking) of the invariability of the seasons. For it is at the times of change that diseases mostly attack mankind, especially change of season. The Egyptians eat bread, which they make of *olyræ* (spelt), and call the loaves "cyllestis." (d) The wine they use is made of barley, for they have no vines in their country (e). Of fish they eat some raw, after drying it in the sun, and some pickled with salt (f). Of birds they salt and eat raw quails, ducks, and some small birds. All the other kinds of birds and fish which they have, excepting those which are held sacred, they eat roasted and boiled.

LXXVIII. At the feasts held among the rich, when the repast is over, a man carries round in a coffin the likeness of a corpse in wood, most perfectly imitated, both in the carving and painting, and in size a cubit or two cubits long. Showing this to each of the guests, he says: "Look at this, drink and be merry, for you will be such as this when you are dead." This then is their practice at their symposia.

#### NOTES.

(a) This "Buto of the Arabs" is not the Buto previously mentioned.  
(b) That is to say, the husbandmen, as distinguished from the nomad herdsmen.

(c) According to Schweighæuser, Herodotus does not here use memory (*μνήμη*) in its usual sense, but it signifies carefulness in preserving the record of past events.

(d) The "cyllestis," according to Casaubin's conjecture, was a sort of long roll.

(e) As the ancient Egyptians were really acquainted with grapes and their juice, it is supposed that only the "part sown with seed," or the "corn country," mentioned at the beginning of the section, is here understood.

(f) As the Egyptians regarded the sea with abhorrence, as intrinsically evil, it is supposed that fossil salt is here intended.

#### SONNET.

NO. CCLIV.

"AWAY with gloomy fancies, and the train  
Which dotard Superstition leads along—  
A shapeless, orderless, and aimless throng,  
Whose senseless gestures deepest wisdom feign:—  
Scatter with clear bright glance these visions vain!  
When they attack thee, let thy heart be strong,  
So shall thy path-way lead thee straight among  
Things firm and real, palpable and plain."  
Aye, if the road were broad, it might be so;  
But to our eyes a thread that pathwa, seems,  
Stretched faintly glist'ning o'er a chasm profound.  
From the abyss, strange forms their gaunt arms throw,  
And lead us tott'ring to a world of dreams,  
Where will and intellect alike are drown'd. N. D.

MR. CATHCART, THE TRAGEDIAN.—This talented gentleman has been engaged by Mr. Charles Kean to perform two leading characters in *Julius Caesar* and *Henry IV.* before Her Majesty, at the forthcoming theatrical performances at Windsor Castle. Mr. C. is further engaged by Mr. Anderson for the approaching season at Drury Lane.

## DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

## HAYMARKET.

THE season commenced on Monday night with the *Love Chase*, and three favourite farces. Mrs. Nisbett was the cynosure of the night; she appeared in her own part of Constance.

The theatre has undergone a thorough cleansing; it looks all the better for its well-washed face.

The company, in most respects, is identical with that of last season; in some instances, serious alterations have been made. In one case, a secession has taken place which leaves a vacuum Time himself, with all his patience, will find a difficulty in filling up; need we say we allude to Mrs. Glover's withdrawal from the company. Mrs. Humby has also left for another establishment.

The additions are Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Warner, Miss Jane Mordaunt, and Macready *pro tem*.

The *Love Chase* on Monday night was admirably acted throughout. Mrs. Nisbett's Constance is a jewel of a piece of acting, obnoxious to criticism, certainly, but so hearty, so buoyant, so whimsical, so pouting, so life-like, and so touching, that did it contain a thousand major faults, instead of a few minor blemishes, we should still venerate it as a real performance, and forego all animadversion.

Mrs. Nisbett was received on her entrance in the most enthusiastic manner. Cheer after cheer deafening the silent, if there were any in the house, followed in rapid succession. She looked as lovely as ever, and her smile acted like sunshine on the audience—it dazzled all eyes. We shall not say more of her performance than that it was instinct with all those stirring and peculiar beauties which marked and individualized her former efforts.

Mr. Webster's Wildrake is certainly one of his best pieces of acting. It is rough, homely, hearty, and quick, the very realization of the poet's intention.

Mrs. W. Clifford played the Widow Green, Mrs. Glover's original part, for the first time, with eminent success. There is, perhaps, no living actress besides Mrs. W. Clifford, who could attempt a great part of Mrs. Glover's and not be swamped in the doing; but Mrs. W. Clifford bore herself stiffly up, and, as one deeply cognizant of the ordeal through which she was about to pass, determined not to fail—nor did she fail. In pomposity of appearance, and grandiloquence of verbosity, Mrs. W. Clifford has no equal on the stage, and this style, to a certain degree, suits the character of the vain-glorious and weak widow. The last scene was admirably acted, and excited roars of laughter.

Tilbury's Sir William Fondlove was not so despicable, but again he fell back into his old "senile system," making every old man he plays ninety-two. Sir William Fondlove is sixty-two, and boasts of his straight back and firm muscles: nor is there any reason why at sixty-two his back should not be straight, nor his muscles firm. But Mr. Tilbury has to play an old man:—enough; he straightway opens his legs wide apart, puts on a snow-white wig, and borrows the age. So much for theatric old men—according to Mr. Tilbury's notion.

Miss Jane Mordaunt made her first appearance as Lydia. She is ladylike and easy, and is not deficient in energy and feeling. She was most favourably received.

The other characters were well sustained. Mr. Stuart's Truworth was excellent, and Mr. Howe's Master Waller wanted nothing but a little more quietude and gentlemanly ease.

On Tuesday, *London Assurance* was given, Mrs. Nisbett, Keeley, and Brindal playing their original parts—Lady Gay

Spanker, Mr. Spanker, and Cool; and Mr. Webster, Mr. Buckstone, and Mr. James Wallack assuming the parts of Sir Harcourt Courtly, Mark Meddle, and Charles Courtly, respectively, for the first time.

The performance could hardly be otherwise than excellent with such a cast; but it suffered considerably from some of the actors not knowing their parts sufficiently well. No doubt it will go better next time.

On Wednesday, *Much Ado about Nothing* introduced Mr. James Wallack as Benedick, Mrs. Nisbett as Beatrice, Miss Jane Mordaunt as Hero, Mr. Keeley as Dogberry, and Mr. Buckstone as Verges. This was a most delightful treat, and was, moreover, very nearly a complete performance at all points.

On Thursday, the *Love Chase* was repeated, and to-night the *Taming of the Shrew* will be revived for Mrs. Nisbett and Mr. Webster.

On Monday Macready makes his first appearance as Macbeth.

## LYCEUM.

THE season commenced on Monday night with Mr. Morton's drama, the *Sentinel*; Mr. Planche's farce, the *Garrick Fever*; and the *Follies of a Night*. The first two pieces are transpositions from the Olympic under the management of Madame Vestris to the Lyceum. The *Follies of a Night* was first produced at Drury Lane during Macready's reign; it is capitally adapted for exhibiting Madame Vestris's talents. Both Mr. Charles Matthews and Madame Vestris were received with great enthusiasm.

Mr. Oxberry from the Princess's and the Olympic, and Mrs. Humby from the Haymarket, have joined the company, which in other respects remains the same as last year.

The house was respectably and crowdedly attended.

## SADLER'S WELLS.

ON Monday evening *Othello* was given here, and introduced us to a new Desdemona, in the person of Miss Aldridge, another provincial performer of some note. The lady is young, and gave decided indications of ability, the best of which was her first petition to her husband in favour of Cassio, which was delivered with a *naïveté* and playfulness that received a just tribute of applause. But her performance on the whole wanted repose. She must not forget that she is the gentle lady married to the Moor; neither was her energy altogether free from rant. We speak plainly, because the young *débutante* shewed latent talent, which we should regret to see turned from its legitimate purpose by bad habits. Miss Aldridge's action was graceful and appropriate as far as she would allow us to judge of it, for one of her hands was constantly employed in holding up her dress, which was of such unconscionable length as to put her in manifest danger of falling at every step she took. When a little time and study have rid her of the provincialisms we have named, she may, we should hope, look forward to a successful career. The stage certainly at present possesses few performances superior to Mr. Phelps's *Othello*, many of the strokes are admirable. The theatre was crowded to excess.

The revival of *Antony and Cleopatra* is postponed *sine die*, the uniform fullness of the houses precluding the necessity of further novelty for the present.

On Wednesday the *Tempest* was repeated, with Miss T Bassano as Miranda. With some of the timidity natural to her youth and inexperience, there was a truth and delicacy in her reading which more than compensated for all deficiencies and she looked charmingly as Prospero's daughter. G.

## PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

VERILY, unless there be a change, and that speedily, in matters musical in this (falsely) so-called musical town or city, we may throw away our pen. "Othello's occupation's gone!" There is something anomalous in the state of music here. Some few years ago we had no less than four choral societies, all fairly supported at the time; gradually, one by one, they have gone out, until at last the falling off in the number of subscribers to the last and best of them, "The Hargreaves Choral Society," is so great, that the committee are, with very great reluctance, compelled to suspend the concerts for the ensuing season. We subjoin a copy of the resolution as sent round to the subscribers:—

"That it appears to this committee, from the number of withdrawals from the society, and consequent large diminution of income, the general state of music in Manchester, and the increasing difficulty of obtaining suitable accommodation for the holding of the concerts, that they will be unable to continue the concerts in a style to secure the satisfaction of the subscribers, and in accordance, at the same time, with the principal object of the society's foundation—the practising of sacred music with an instrumental band:—That the concerts be therefore suspended, with the intention of resuming them whenever such a course shall appear expedient."

"That the executors of Mr. Hargreaves be requested to take charge of the music and other property of the society, and keep the same, along with the Hargreaves Library and other property held under the Hargreaves' bequest, and to defray the rent, insurance, and other attendant charges; and further, to restore the same to the committee, and again to afford their own valuable co-operation, upon due application for that purpose.—[The executors have kindly acceded to the request set forth in this resolution.]"

"That a sub-committee, consisting of the chairman, vice-chairman, treasurer, conductor, and secretary, be appointed, to settle all claims upon the society, and to attend to the necessary details."

"That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be sent to each of the subscribers."

"That the most grateful thanks of the committee and the society at large are due to John Owen and John Waddington, Esquires, the executors of Mr. Hargreaves, for their courteous and valuable co-operation, at all times, with the committee, and for their liberal encouragement, during the last eight years, of the cultivation of sacred choral music in Manchester."

Why is this? and how is this? your musical readers will very naturally ask. It is more difficult to answer the inquiry. It is certainly a great discredit to Manchester that so excellent a society should be in such a position, and it will be a lasting disgrace to the town if a choral society, second to none in the provinces, and in its public performances (making allowance for the difference in numerical force) equal to any in the metropolis itself, should be allowed to sink into desuetude for want of support. A few stirring and energetic individuals might cause a fitting hall to be erected in which to hold the society's concerts. Here is one great obstacle to success, which has existed since the society's commencement. Once established in a building suitable in every way for the purpose, and we cannot but think that the Hargreaves Choral Society might soon be in a similar position to the Gentlemen's Concerts at the concert-hall—that is, in our opinion. It would always have the full complement of subscribers, with a list of candidates for admission when there was a vacancy.

The question next arises, where are the funds to come from to erect such a hall? It is our belief that if judiciously set about it might be made a safe investment for any parties having money to lay out at interest: that is, by choosing a central situation for a chief or front entrance, covering the front or expensive land with shops, offices, or warehouses, as may be most profitable, and leaving the bulk of the building behind, with ingress and egress as well at the back and the sides. If we recollect rightly, Exeter Hall is something on this plan, by which is saved all expense of exterior architecture, as at the Birmingham Hall, or the newly-erected splendid Philharmonic Hall at Liverpool. Many hints and suggestions have been thrown out in our local newspapers to the committee, but all liable to some serious objection—the chief difficulty, after all, is means: how are the requisite means to be supplied? We say, by a permanent body of some six to seven hundred and fifty subscribers. If such a number cannot be kept together in the Free Trade Hall, would there not be a greater probability of their permanence in a suitable hall erected for the purpose?

By the way, the Free Trade Hall, after being occupied for some weeks by Franconi's equestrian *troupe* as a circus, was last week engaged by "The Hungarian Vocalists," who must have sustained a nightly loss, there seldom being audience sufficient to pay for the room. Their performance deserved better support; we never listened to finer chorus singing from ten male vocalists; some of the effects they gave to "Lützow Wild Hunt," were quite new to us, and the echo was beautifully given. The German National Hymn, by Speyer, was also very fine, and (like Lützow) was encored; a Mr. Scates varied the entertainment by some clever solos on the concertina, but the empty hall was enough to throw a chill on the cleverest performance. The cheap "Concerts for the People" have opened for the season at the Free Trade Hall, and the Saturday evening concerts at the Mechanics' Institution; and we trust both will go on and prosper. At the same time we do hope something may be done *soon* to cause the Hargreaves Concerts to be renewed, else we fear the present subscribers, who are now anxious to continue their subscriptions and for the concert to go on, may be difficult to reunite another year for such an object.

Macready is here this week, playing a round of his best characters as a farewell visit; the theatre was crammed on Saturday, the first night, and his reception must have been highly gratifying to him. Mr. Knowles will this week recover something towards his serious losses by Italian opera.

## MACREADY AT MANCHESTER.

(From the Manchester Examiner and Times.)

THE opening night of the Theatre Royal, on Saturday last, will be one worthy of a place in the dramatic annals of Manchester, being the first of a short series of performances which are to be the concluding scenes, among us, of the greatest of living actors. The play selected for the occasion was *Macbeth*, in which Mr. Macready displayed the various passions of the weak and wicked hero with all his wonted power. His entrance on the heath was the signal for applause the most deafening and enthusiastic, peal after peal, and cheer after cheer, following each other, until it appeared as though both lungs and hands must be wearied of their boisterous, but hearty occupation. The subtle anatomy of the human mind, the fine development of those hidden mysteries which prompts to guilt only to abandon, leaving the spirit prostrate when strength is most required,—the agony of crime,—the weariness of suf-



fering,—the spirit sinking under the gilded, but blood-smear'd, trappings,—and last, the terrific energy of despair, were all pourtrayed with an artistic mastery such as we are permitted to enjoy at lengthened intervals only. Mr. Graham was the Macduff of the evening, and met also with a hearty welcome from many who remembered him during his former engagement at this theatre; he displayed much judgment throughout his performance, particularly in the celebrated scene where he receives the news from Ross of the murder of his wife and children; nor should we omit to notice the sensible delivery of these lines by the gentleman to whom they were entrusted—a Mr. Clifford, his first appearance here. The character is too frequently given to an incompetent, and the fine scene thereby destroyed. A clearer enunciation, on the part of Mr. Graham, would raise him very considerably in the vocation he has chosen, and for which he possesses so many natural gifts. When true poetry has to be uttered, we cannot afford to lose a word, more particularly when the cause is that of a false style of elocution. Banquo was respectably played by a Mr. H. Cooke, his first appearance; and Hecate by a Mr. Val. Roberts, who took pains with the music, and exhibited a fair barytone voice. Of those who assisted him, we had better say little,—we have rarely heard the chorus sung so badly, and never anticipated hearing it so sung in Manchester in these days of musical advancement. The Lady Macbeth of Mrs Weston was a very pains-taking performance: she was well received by the audience, and in her sleep-walking scene showed very considerable talent. She possesses discretion, and thereby rarely exaggerates a part, however tempting the opportunity may be. By the way, we cannot agree with those who would set aside the visible presence of the ghost in this romantic tragedy. Were we to have such an introduction in a play of modern times, there would be ground of complaint; but Banquo's appearance is in harmony with the tradition of the time, as well as with the superstition of the people. That stage managers are incompetent is no argument against the consistency of such appearance; and that it may become powerfully effective Mr. Macready proved, when Drury Lane Theatre was under his direction,—a circumstance which makes the mismanagement of Saturday the more surprising, though that was an improvement upon the usual theatrical blundering.

The farce of the *Rendezvous* followed, in which we were introduced to several new faces. Quake, by Mr. W. H. Stephens, did not possess much humour; but it was played with judgment, and we thought there was something about it very like good promise in a part of more importance. Mr. J. Wood made Simon broad enough certainly, and brought down the laughter of the gods: but there was a vast amount of extravagance, and very little of that quiet, consistent humour, which would have been still more telling with the judicious part of his audience. He began the part with one dialect, and ended it with another. However, in a piece of such boisterous absurdity, much may be forgiven which, in more sterling comedy, we might hope to see amended; and, certainly, there were a few very racy touches in the performance. Mr. H. Beverley was clever, as he generally is, in parts like that of Smart; and Mr. Clifford again appeared to advantage in Charles. We must see Miss Lacy and Miss Soane again before we can give judgment; but of Miss Anderson (who met with a cordial welcome from her Manchester friends) there can be but one opinion. Her acting of the unsophisticated Sophia was a genuine piece of comedy, and received the applause it so well deserved.

The tragedy of *Othello* on Monday evening introduced Mr.

Macready as Iago to a Manchester audience for the first time. The performance was one of astonishing intensity and power. In this, as in the other of his Shaksperian delineations, Mr. Macready stands unrivalled among our actors of the present day. His address to Roderigo, "Follow the wars,—put money in thy purse," was a masterly touch of genius, and the whole manner and bearing of the part a study of rare originality. Last night he appeared as Werner. The house was again densely crowded, and the incidents of this terrible play followed by all present with intense interest; nothing could be grander than the conception of Werner by this great artist: his performance was a masterpiece, harrowing in the extreme, a picture to live in the memory of all who had the feeling and faculty to appreciate its truth. His last interview with his son, when the latter retorts upon him the excuse for his own guilty act in the early scene of his misfortune, "There are crimes which circumstance makes venial," was amongst the finest displays of histrionic power, even of the palmiest days of the English stage; whilst it was finely sustained by the artistic manner of "the last scene of all," when, dying in the arms of the attendant, he drops with his face to the earth, and there in death still carries out the prostrate and broken spirit of the living.

A Miss Agnes Kemble appeared in the two plays last referred to; in the former we saw too little to warrant a correct judgment. In *Werner*, she had so small a share as to give scarcely the opportunity for observation. She is tall, with the Kemble features, and a good voice, but apparently new to the stage, if we may infer from her want of grace in action and carriage. We cannot help speaking favourably of Mr. W. H. Stephens, in the part of the old intendant of the castle. It was played in excellent taste. The Gabor, too, of Mr. H. Cooke was a dashing and energetic effort; but Mr. G. Vining's Ulric was a very inefficient attempt, and amid the rising interest of the play, immediately before the discovery to his father of the murderer, his shortcoming greatly interfered with the real intention of the author. The audience, as well as the father, should have been kept in ignorance of the guilty one, but Mr. Vining, by his expression of feature, anticipated the denouement, and thereby destroyed much of its fine effect. To-night, it will be seen, Mr. Macready plays King John, on Thursday Richelieu, on Friday Lear,—in our opinion the greatest of his many great achievements,—and on Saturday he bids farewell to his Manchester friends in the part of Hamlet. Let us hope that he will be met on each of these occasions with similar enthusiasm, and a crowd of admirers equal to that which has already greeted him on each appearance during his present engagement.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

No concert that has been given in Liverpool, for many years past, with the exception, perhaps, of Jenny Lind's first appearance, has excited so great a sensation, and given such general and unmixed satisfaction, as the last annual concert of Miss Whitnall, which took place on Monday evening last, at the Amphitheatre. This vast edifice was filled to the ceiling by one of the largest and most respectable audiences ever contained in it: the élite of the town and vicinity, the officers of the garrison, and even royalty itself were present to do homage to one of the most delightful singers that ever charmed the ear of the fickle public. Other circumstances, which are well-known in relation to Madame Sontag's re-appearance on

the stage, were doubtless as attractive as her vocal powers; and the only regret connected with the concert is, that the greatest portion of the receipts will not fall to the share of the enterprising *beneficiaire*, but will be pocketed by Mr. Lumley. This is a painful fact, respecting which we spoke a few words a week or two ago;—if our native professionals wish to make a gain of their "Grand Concerts," they must, in a body, refuse to submit to the preposterous demands of the metropolitan managers, music-sellers, *et hoc genus omne*. The other artistes engaged were the two Lablaches, Signori Calzolari, Belletti, and M. Thalberg, Mr. J. Robinson being the conductor. On Madame Sontag presenting herself, the applause, which lasted for several minutes, was most vociferous, being perfectly enthusiastic for a Liverpool audience, the greater part of whom only knew of the vocalist's powers by report. Her first effort was the beautiful cavatina from *Linda*, "O luce di quest' anima." We have heard this favourite *morceau* sung by dozens of vocalists, but we never heard it interpreted with more grace, delicacy of feeling, and purity of tone. The *floriture* were not very elaborate, but of the most chaste and perfect description. Madame Sontag's voice is a pure soprano, not quite so powerful or of so great compass as Jenny Lind's or Persiani's, but far surpassing the former in pure evenness of tone and liquid facility and the latter in intonation. She does not rouse the listener by outbursts of dramatic fervour, like Garcia and Grisi, nor does she dissolve you in liquid blissfulness like Alboni, but she holds you enchanted by a fairy-like delicious sweetness, to which is added a facility of execution which has been aptly designated as bird-like. Her *sotto voce*, which seems attenuated to the veriest whisper, creeps as it were, all over the house, like the soft tones of the Æolian harp. She was encored in everything she sang, and repeated each piece with the utmost willingness and grace. In fact, as regards quantity in her singing at concerts, she far surpasses most *prima donnas* as much as she does in quality. Her next effort was a bolero by Dessauer, "Ouvrez," which she dashed off with great effect: as a composition it had nothing to recommend it. Great anxiety was evinced to hear her sing "Home, sweet home," which she did with a pathetic effect, joined to a depth of feeling and purity of voice that is indescribable. Every word was pronounced with unerring distinctness, and the whole performance sensibly affected the audience, who encored it rapturously. Rode's air and variations was a perfect contrast to this; the air is first sung slowly, and afterwards embellished with *floriture* of the most elaborate and beautiful description, executed with the greatest possible ease and fluency—rivaling the best efforts of Richardson on the flute; all the charms and beauties of her voice were displayed to the greatest possible advantage in this difficult display of vocal facility, the arpeggio variation at the termination being perfectly unaccountable. As may be guessed, this effort excited a perfect *furore*, and was encored amidst thunders of applause from the delighted audience. She also sang in the prayer from *Mosè*, the duet with Miss Whitnall, "Sull' aria," and "God save the Queen," which the audience insisted upon having at the conclusion of the concert. This ended Sontag's first appearance in Liverpool, which will long be remembered with pleasure by the audience and herself. Her reception throughout the evening surpassed that of any singer we ever heard in Liverpool.

† Signor Calzolari also made his *début* in Liverpool on this occasion. He is one of Mr. Lumley's new tenors, and has been highly eulogised by M. Fétis, the great Belgian critic—for what we are at a loss to discover. His voice is hard, as he sings principally from the head, and possesses a peculiarly

disagreeable tone, indescribable by language: he is also totally deficient in fervour and dramatic feeling, but in this respect he will doubtless improve by practice. He sang the divine air, "Il mio tesoro," and a barcarole by Donizetti, with but average effect, though he displayed considerable facility of execution, for which he is more particularly remarkable. Lablache, père, created the usual roars of laughter in the "Non piu andrai," "Miei rampolli," and Cimarosa's duet, with his son, interspersed, as usual, with "bits" of English and French. Much as we admire this great vocalist, we should much like to hear something new from him, more particularly of a serious cast. A singer of his wonderful powers ought to do something more than make an audience grin.

Belletti, who is a very pleasing singer, was totally unequal to give the "Piff paff" due effect. It is too dramatic for the concert-room, and demands the voice and powers of a Lablache or a Marini to please the listener and do justice to the composer. He was much more effective in a dashing song of Ricci's, "Sulla poppa," one of the most pleasing Italian buffo songs we have heard, and which reminded us much of a Spanish melody sung by Madame Lozano. Belletti dashed it off with great abandon, and was deservedly encored. Talking of encores, we never heard so many at a concert as there was on this occasion; it became at last a perfect nuisance, and ought to be put down by the sensible portion of the audience, who wish to hear all the music and reach home at a reasonable hour.

Thalberg's splendid performances on the pianoforte are too well known to call for detailed criticism, and evinced the same dexterity, purity of tone, and fineness of touch for which he is famous, gaining encores in both his pieces, an unusual honour for a pianiste; for the first he substituted "Come è gentil," and for the latter selections from *Masaniello*, both of which were perfect in their way and loudly applauded.

Miss Whitnall was received most enthusiastically on her first appearance, and never sang better: her first song was "O Erin my country," which was sweetly and pathetically sung and deservedly encored, as was also the popular "Sandy and Jenny," into which she infused more spirit than usual. The whole concert in fact went off with the greatest possible *éclat*; everybody was greatly pleased, and we hope that Miss Whitnall will on this occasion be repaid for her praiseworthy attempt to give her patrons and the public a musical treat of so unexampled and expensive a character.

Mr. Copeland, nothing daunted by the loss resulting from the engagement of Alboni and party, has engaged an efficient English operatic corps, who commence their engagement to-morrow evening. The artistes are Sims Reeves, Miss Lucombe, Mr. Whitworth; conductor, Mr. Lavenu. The operas to be performed are *Lucia*, *Sonnambula*, *Puritani*, and *Eraani*, the two latter of which are quite new here in an English dress. As Sims Reeves is so well known here, numbers will doubtless go to judge for themselves if the eulogistic critiques of yourselves and your metropolitan contemporaries are worthy of credence; for to tell the truth, as regards his vocal capabilities, he does not stand so very high here; what he may do in opera remains to be seen. Miss Lucombe is a perfect stranger, and will, it is to be hoped, make a hit, though it is doubtful if she will efface the memory of Miss Anne Romer's late operatic triumphs here with Howard Glover's company. But you shall hear "a full, true, and particular" account next week. The Hungarian vocalists have been singing during the week at the Concert Hall, with more than average success. A local paper says of them very justly, "We should say these singers are superior to the general run



of professional vocalists, inasmuch as they have the appearance of being educated men. They have the Hungarian features strongly marked, and are good specimens of that race of people. The suavity of these people is very remarkable, as is evidenced by the cheerfulness with which they comply with any demand for an encore. Altogether, we should say, a more agreeable evening could not be spent than in listening to the Hungarian vocalists, independently of the claim they have upon English feelings in their recent struggles for national liberty."

A new and very promising society, called the Welsh Choral Society, who have given several very successful concerts, intend coming out strong this winter, to the great delight, no doubt, of the many Welshmen resident here.

I hear that Sontag and Formes are engaged for the next Philharmonic Concert. J. H. N.

Wednesday, Oct. 3, 1849.

#### MUSIC AT CHELMSFORD.

THE Concert given at the Institute of this town on Monday last, by Mr. Land, with the assistance of the Misses Pyne and Mr. Frank Bodda, proved a rich musical treat to those who were fortunate enough to be present, and from whom we doubt not much disappointment will be felt by many who were absent. The programme gleaned from the most delightful compositions of our favourite glee writers, Lord Mornington, Sir H. Bishop, Horsley, and Cooke, interspersed with some sweet songs and ballads, was executed without a failure, and it is difficult to select any one portion as more worthy of notice than another. We must, however, make mention of the soothing melody, "Peaceful Slumbering," the harmony of which is most exquisite, and the taste with which was given by the four voices induced a rapturous encore. "Hark! 'tis the Indian drum," and "Here in cool grot," were also redemanded. Auber's duet, "The Brigands," by the Misses Pyne, was a masterly performance, and by its boldness of style, gave the great effect to Mr. Land's admirable Scotch ballad, "The Lass o' Gourie," which followed, and drew forth great applause. Mr. Bodda's power of voice, and facile execution, was evidenced in that old favourite duet of Barnett's, "The Singing Lesson," and Rossini's "Largo al factotum," whilst his depth and value of tone imparted the finest effect to the concerted music. Mr. Land's talent as an accompanist (in addition to his vocal acquirements) are too well known, from his frequent public appearances with the lamented Wilson, to need notice here; and in closing our remarks, we think we may fairly state that, as a whole, a Concert affording more entire satisfaction has not been heard in Cheltenham within our recollection.—*Cheltenham Chronicle*.

#### MUSIC AT FOLKESTONE.

THE first vocal and instrumental morning concert that has ever been given in Folkestone, took place on Wednesday, the 19th ult., to the entire satisfaction of the highly respectable auditory who attended our Town-hall on the occasion. It is to Mr. Thomas Goodban, our highly esteemed resident professor, that we owe this gratification. The vocalists (from London) were Miss Rafter, late of the Princess's Theatre, her brother, Mr. Rafter, recently of Drury-lane and the Princess's, and Mr. William Ball. The instrumentalists were the Messrs. C., H., and T. Goodban, having with them the assistance of

that admirable violinist, Mr. Henry Blagrove, who had just returned from his leadership at the Hereford festival. This distinguished performer, who unites the finest skill with the most charming ease of manner, opened the selection, in conjunction with Messrs. H. and C. Goodban, with Beethoven's grand trio for the violin, violoncello, and pianoforte, the execution of which was marked by a consummate finish, and afforded a capital earnest of the treat provided in the rest of the programme. Mr. Blagrove's other performances were his own solo on "Tu vedrai," the concertante duet with Mr. C. Goodban (on subjects from *La Sonnambula*), and the violin obligato accompaniment to "Somno cielo," sung by Miss Rafter. This accomplished young lady received throughout the concert the most hearty and unqualified applause. Her voice is of extensive range, and combines flexibility with strength and sweetness. Her scientific treatment of Pacini's elaborate aria was of the first character, and thoroughly felt and appreciated by her admiring audience. Miss Rafter also sang "Natali" (a Bohemian melody,) and joined her brother in Donizetti's "Tornami a dir," and Wade's favourite duet, "I've wandered in dreams," eliciting for each the highest approbation. Mr. Rafter's voice and manner of rendering his duets and songs, Italian and English, left nothing to be desired; and of Mr. Ball's comic contributions ("Capt. Ross," and "I remember,") we may not omit to say that they were both heartily encored. Mr. H. Goodban's masterly performance of a solo (by Eranchamme) on the violoncello, formed a delightful portion of the selection. Mr. C. Goodban gave an extract from the "Leider ohne Worte," of Mendelssohn, and a "Valse" of Osborne's on the pianoforte, with infinite cleverness, legerity, and grace. Mr. T. Goodban himself conducted throughout, with the talent and correctness of an excellent musician; and the concert, without the slightest disarrangement, was brought to a close at about half-past four.

#### MUSIC AT BURY ST. EDMONDS.

ON Sunday evening last, a sermon was preached in Paul's Church, Bury, by the Rev. John Walker, B.A., incumbent, on occasion of the death of Mr. James Openshaw, of Walker Terrace, violoncello player, and formerly organist of St. John's, Bury, who died of cholera, on the 19th September last, aged 49. The rev. gentleman took for his text the Job xix., v. 25, 26, and delivered a very impressive discourse to the most crowded congregation ever assembled at Bury. The deceased in his lifetime was an ardent admirer as well as professor of music. A selection of sacred music was also performed by upwards of sixty performers from the neighbouring choirs, including Miss Parry, Miss Chapman, and Mrs. Waddington, of Manchester; Miss Poker, of Heywood; Mrs. Leeming, of Bury; also Messrs. Scholfield, Brooks, and Sheldrick, of Manchester and Prestwich. The following is the programme:—

*Voluntary on the Organ*:—Hymn 77. French, C. M. MS.—Magnificat (chant), *Morley*.—Nunc Dimittis (chant), *Dr. Croft*.—In the Anthem's place:—Psalm lxxvii., "O God, thou art my God," *Purcell*.—Before the Sermon:—Song, Miss Parry, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," *Handel*.—Chorus, "But thanks to God," *Handel*.—Before the Blessing:—Hymn 80, Solo and chorus, *M. Luther*.—Chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," *Handel*.—Conclusion:—Chorus, "Hallelujah!" *Handel*.

The choruses were sung with that energy and precision for which Lancashire is famous. Miss Parry sang Handel's song of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" very sweetly. The service concluded about nine o'clock in the evening.

## LOVE IN HER BOWER.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

O, my ladye love sits in her lonely bow'r,  
And she looks from the lattice o'er moor and fell;  
She heeds not the tempest—she recks not the hour,  
Tho' shadows fall round and the night-winds swell.  
My steed is an Arab of lineage high—  
As fleet as the lightning that courses above—  
There is pride in his hoof, there is fire in his eye,  
As he bears me home to my ladye-love.

My serfs carouse by the gay hearth's blaze,  
The wine-cups flash on the groaning board,  
The wolf-dogs howl to the minstrel's lays,  
And eye the porch for their absent lord.  
But wassail, nor revel, nor vassals' loud cheer,  
Nor music below, nor banners above,  
May warrant me greeting half so dear  
As one sweet smile from my ladye-love.

"Come hither, come hither, my liegemen all  
Hear ye his courser with hoof of might?  
Fire, fire the red beacon—man turret and wall—  
I see his glad plume thro' the shades of night."  
What waves from the battlements high in the air?  
What gleams like the moon over mountain and grove?  
It is the bright scarf of my ladye-fair—  
It is the white hand of my ladye-love.

F. M.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE "BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR."

'Tis now some years since Sir Walter Scott wrote his beautiful novel, the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and some years since Donizetti produced his opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, founded thereon. Each has had its own share of popularity during its period, and is likely to keep its place amongst the standard works of our first poets and musicians, far beyond the age of its production.

The drama itself involves an historical fact, although Sir Walter has suppressed the real name of the parties implicated, and adopted that of Ashton instead, for reasons specified in his introductory chapter.

In the composition of the novel he has, as might be expected, adorned the tale much after his own fancy, by drawing largely upon the legendary lore and superstitions of the times. The incident, as related by the bard, may be briefly summed up thus:—The estates of Lord Allen Ravenswood seceded from him, partly by the ruthlessness of the revolution, partly by his own negligence, but mostly by the stratagem of a wily old lawyer, Sir William Ashton, who taking advantage of the equivocal state of affairs, succeeds in getting possession of the estates, and of ejecting the rightful owner. In vain does Lord Ravenswood wage war in the courts with his antagonist, who was at the time in favour with the popular party. Defeated and disgraced, he falls a victim by sudden passion to a frenzied death, and even his funeral obsequies are interrupted by the emissaries of his usurper. Sir William is not however to be couched upon a bed of down in his new possession. Lord Ravenswood has left an only son, Edgar, a bold, daring youth, of noble spirit and fiery temper, who thus thrown upon the world imbued with wrongs done to his family and himself, vows to Heaven he will not rest until he has avenged them. He manages to hold unmolested possession of an old tower on the estate, called Wolf's Crag; his attendants are Caleb Balderstone, an old butler of the family, and Mysie, a female domestic; and his only source of livelihood is on the contributions of the villagers around, which

are regularly levied as may be required by Caleb, and readily granted for the honour and respect to the house of Ravenswood. Edgar feeds more upon revenge than the scanty fare provided within the ruined walls of Wolf's Crag, for Caleb has a conscience for the inhabitants of Wolf's Hope as well as a pride for the noble inmate of Wolf's Crag. The one he would not willingly trouble too often with his visits; the other he would sooner die than let it be supposed his poverty compelled them. The pride of this foolish old faithful servant, who had the fidelity of the dog towards his master, was ever coining excuses to stray visitors sometimes found within the precincts of the tottering old edifice, for the lack of provision and accommodation he had to offer them. His invention, to keep up appearances in all emergencies, was as fertile as it was ridiculous, and wanting in veracity. If "No, to say its our best dwelling," Caleb would add, "but for its antiquity maist folk think that the outside of Wolf's Crag is worthy of a large perusal." If grooms are scarce and stables bare—"A' gaes wraing when the maister's out;" but Caleb will look to the cattle himself. If there be no brood hen at the tower to kill, "wad ye have but five or ten minutes, or, at maist, a quarter of an hour's patience?" this would be Caleb's respite for concocting some ingenious plan to evade the difficulty, or to furnish some fair tale to be served up with fat poultry said to be ready for the spit, but which turns out to be a thrice-sacked mutton ham; "and for eating," quoth Caleb, "what signifies telling a lie? the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat; and if he wadna just presume to recommend the ale, the maist was ill made, or the thunner had spoil'd it, and siccan water as the tower well ye'll seldom see." According to Caleb's representation, Wolf's Crag was the land of plenty, whereas poverty stalked about in every nook of their dreary dwelling.

Nevertheless 'twas here—yes! in these dilapidated apartments, that the secret spring of this eventful drama was first set in motion.

'Twas in Wolf's Crag the depths of two fond hearts were sounded and made known.

'Twas here, by accident, that a noble, high-born youth, in the midst of his dire misfortunes, was entranced by the soft and feminine graces of a gentle and beautiful maiden, and his sterner passions subdued. 'Twas at Wolf's Crag that the sweet-tempered Lucy Ashton touched the heart of Edgar Ravenswood, and taught him well nigh to forget the family feud which existed between himself and her father, so as to induce him to visit the home of his childhood simply as a guest—the mansion of the Ravenswoods—which he still called his own, and of which he had been deprived by the man who now insultingly proffered him an invitation to accept its hospitality. What an insult to such a mind as Ravenswood's! But art and beauty took away its sting, and left a new impression there.

The accident which brought Sir William Ashton and his daughter to Wolf's Crag was a thunder-storm, that suddenly overtook them at a hunting party, where Ravenswood was present, and Edgar himself conducted them to the old fortress for shelter. The mutual recognition did not take place until they arrived there, when Edgar announced himself Master of Ravenswood! for although Sir William had seen Edgar on one occasion before this interview, it did not recal his features to his memory. Sir William, however, naught abashed at the announcement, and with the coolness and natural plausibility of his character and profession, made the moment his own. He succeeded in softening the hostile feelings of young Ravenswood, and lastly invited him to the mansion, which he

had much beautified, and which he told him was fast going to decay in the time of his father. He moreover told him, in skilfully-chosen terms, that had the estates remained in the possession of Lord Allan Ravenswood, his father, they would have descended to him a disgrace to the family and house of Ravenswood, with nothing but the empty titles remaining.

The presence of the fair Lucy contributed in no small degree to arrest the attention of the youthful Edgar, and Sir William was too keen an observer to let such an adventure pass unprofitably.

The person and character of this sweet girl are thus drawn by the novelist:—"Lucy Ashton's exquisitely beautiful, yet somewhat girlish features, were formed to express peace of mind, serenity, and indifference to the tinsel of worldly pleasure. Her locks, which were of shadowy gold, circled on a brow of exquisite whiteness, like a gleam of pallid sunshine upon a hill of snow. The expression of the countenance was in the last degree gentle, soft, timid, and feminine; and seemed rather to shrink from the most casual look of a stranger than to court his admiration. Something there was of a madonna cast, perhaps the result of delicate health, and residence in a family, where the disposition of the inmates were fiercer, more active, and energetic than her own. Yet her passiveness of disposition was by no means owing to an indifferent and unfeeling mind. Left to the impulse of her own taste and feelings, Lucy Ashton was peculiarly accessible to those of a romantic cast. Her secret delight was in the old legendary tales of ardent devotion, and unalterable affection, chequered as they so often are with strange adventures and supernatural horrors. This was her fairy realm, and here she erected her ærial palaces. But it was only in secret that she laboured at this delusive, though delightful architecture. In her retired chamber, or in the woodland bower, which she had chosen as her own, and called after her name, she was in fancy distributing the prizes at the tournament, or raining down influence from her eyes on the valiant combatants; or, she was wandering in the wilderness with Una under the escort of the generous lion: or she was identifying herself with the simple, yet noble-minded Miranda in the isle of wonder and enchantment. But in her exterior relations to things of this world, Lucy willingly received the ruling impulse from those around her. The alternative was, in general too indifferent to her to render resistance desirable, and she willingly found a motive for decision in the opinion of her friends, which, perhaps she might have sought for in vain in her own choice."

But to return to the interview at Wolf's Crag, which was not, however, their first, but second meeting: for Edgar had recently been instrumental in delivering Lucy and her father from the attack of an infuriated bull in the forest, by the skilful aim of a shot which struck the animal in the spine, and produced instant death.

The fright lay Lucy senseless on the ground, and Edgar their unknown deliverer was charged to watch and lead her while Sir William ran to procure further assistance. Edgar raises Lucy from the ground, and lucklessly carries her to a neighbouring fountain, which according to the superstitions recorded of it was a fatal spot consecrated by many a legendary tale of woe. On the brink rested Lucy until consciousness returned, when at the sight of a stranger unaccompanied by her father, she became greatly agitated. But upon being apprised of his safety she was more composed. Sir William at length arrives in company with several assistants, and rejoins his daughter, to their mutual joy. Sir William immediately offers compensation to Edgar for his generous and noble conduct; but the latter refuses the proffered return,

and informs him that he is the Master of Ravenswood, and then takes a hasty and haughty leave of the party. Startled with surprise at this information, Sir William's mind is filled with fears for the evil that might follow, should the Master of Ravenswood cherish his latent hope of avenging the family loss, for Edgar was not left destitute of faithful adherents; neither lacked he the courage to rally them around his banner at any convenient time that might offer to crush his oppressor; and of that Sir William was fully aware. He sent the forester that had accompanied him to call Edgar back, but received a stern refusal, as well as a message which left Sir William to reflections that impressed him with anything but agreeable ideas. To Lucy, who knew little of the family disputes, the noble bearing of Edgar, coupled with the knowledge of his having saved her life, was ever in her thoughts. He became her idol and enchantment. Her romantic mind revelled in the idea until it united itself with her very being, enchained her heart indissolubly, and spread its fervid charms over her whole earthly existence: and at the second interview, before mentioned, her attachment received that impulse which time could never change; while the visit of Ravenswood to the mansion brought the lovers to that sweet intercourse which ended in so true a union of hearts and solemn promises.

In this way events might have progressed favourably, had not Lady Ashton, proud and most inflexible woman, stepped in to embitter them. She had other views for her daughter; and to her must be attributed the execution of all the direful consequences that ensued. Lady Ashton was, in all practical rules, Sir William's better half. She ruled her household as it were with a rod of iron, and Sir William most of any. Her will was law on all subjects and occasions in which she thought proper to interest herself. Her dauntless spirit feared not the enmity of Ravenswood; nor did she consult the wishes of her daughter, so that the plan which Sir William had laid to cement the interest of Edgar to Lucy's, and ultimately to his own, was boldly and deliberately over-ruled by this stern and haughty woman. The tale is now soon told! It happened that Edgar was called away on business to France—that on this event all communication was cut off with the lovers by the interception of their letters—that falsehood was substituted for truth, and wafted to the ears of each by the tongue of slander—that the mother was resolved to marry her daughter to one certain Buckland, a country squire—that Lucy resisted it while the last forlorn hope remained—that she was helpless in her situation—that by unremitting authority being exercised, she at last consented to sign the contract in favour of Buckland—that Edgar returned on Lucy's wedding-day, and that Lucy died mad the same night. After this, Edgar was lost in the Kelpie's flow in going to fight a duel with Henry Ashton; thus fulfilling the prophecy recorded of him; and ending a strife, which, if not so fatal in its results, too often mars the peace of "hearts and homes."

"The family of Ashton did not long survive these events. Lady Ashton was the last survivor of the group of unhappy persons whose misfortunes were owing to her implacability. She lived to the verge of extreme old age. That she might internally feel compunction, and reconcile herself with heaven; we will not, and we dare not deny; but to those around her, she did not evince the slightest symptoms, either of repentance or remorse. In all external appearances she bore the same bold, haughty, unbending character which she had displayed before these unhappy events. A splendid marble monument records her name, titles, and virtues, while her victims remain undistinguished by tomb or epitaph."

E. C.



## CONCERTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

(From the Manchester Guardian.)

THE interest taken in these concerts by large masses of the people was fully evidenced on Monday evening, when, on the occasion of the first of the second series, an audience of between two and three thousand people collected within the walls of the Free-trade Hall. This, too, in spite of the crowded state of the Theatre Royal, and many other attractions presented the same evening. The room looked brilliant and cheerful, each favourite was received with warm applause, and the encores were numerous and enthusiastic. Mr. D. W. Banks again took his post as conductor, and lost no opportunity of rendering effective the many beauties of composition presented in the programme. There were glees, choruses, ballads, with instrumentation of organ and piano; the composers from whom these many choice things had been selected being Mendelssohn, Bishop, T. Cooke, Calcott, Haydn, Shield, &c. Music of this character must tend eventually to elevate the taste of those who are made familiar with it by regular visits to these musical gatherings; and in elevating the taste, do we not advance a step towards the elevation of the mental and moral character of the people? We should think few present on Monday, watching the eager and delighted faces of the multitude, would feel disposed to deny the powerful influence of this character of recreation among a class where it is perhaps the most required. Mrs. Sunderland, who has been engaged as principal soprano, gave sufficient proof of the value of her services. Her voice is one of rare, we may add of pure, *English* quality, her execution brilliant, and in good taste, and throughout she sang with an earnestness of feeling which seemed to be inspired by the animated and interesting scene. She was loudly encored in Balfe's song, "Woman's heart," as well as in Haydn's canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair," but her services being required in another piece immediately following, she substituted that, which met also with a similar compliment. Mrs. Winterbottom is another acquisition of importance; her rich deep tones gave a charming expression to the pretty ballad of "Little Nell," which seemed to touch to tears many of those who are sometimes styled "the horney-handed," and the encore was loud and general. Mrs. Thomas was absent from indisposition, but her place was taken by Miss Parry in Tom Cooke's beautiful glee, "A knight there came," and the music sung by her with a nice feeling, and greatly to the satisfaction of the audience. Mr. James Isherwood sung with his usual good taste Shield's ballad, "The heaving of the lead;" there is no provincial singer, within our knowledge, who delivers his words with so clear an enunciation, or with an expression so truthful. His glee singing, like that of his father, is the perfection of that nice art, where individual prominence requires to be sacrificed to the general blending and harmony of the whole. We had frequent occasion, during the evening, to notice the fresh young voice of a rising tenor, Mr. Slater, who, let us hope, may be sufficiently industrious to take, not long hence, a prominent position in this character of music. The tenor voice is greatly wanted in Manchester, and there is a fine field open for any one possessing a good organ, with taste and a sufficient love of his profession to prompt to steady practice, under judicious guidance. The chorus has been strengthened, and exhibited a volume of tone and a firmness and correctness of reading highly creditable as well to themselves as to the able conductor. The only drawback to the completeness of the evening was the singing of a new tenor, his first appearance in Manchester. A repetition of this mistake will no

doubt be avoided, and merit nearer home meet with such encouragement as it may deserve. Indeed, this ought to be one of the leading features of such a gathering together of local talent. The concert wound up with a humorous song by Mr. Pigot, who met the usual compliment of an enthusiastic encore.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

AMATEUR V. PROFESSIONAL SINGERS IN CATHEDRALS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In the *Illustrated Times* of Saturday last, I read, that the chapter of Hereford have advertised for five clergymen to undertake the duties of vicars-choral in that cathedral, to supersede, I presume, the singing men, or lay vicars. Some of these, perhaps, have been there from an early age—have gone through a regular musical education. Doubtless, much time and expense has been devoted for that special purpose, with the hopes and prospect (if their voices do not break) of being appointed when there might be a vacancy, to the office of lay vicars. By their daily practice, also singing at oratorios, sacred concerts, &c., they are competent, at a very short notice, to perform sacred melody, and, as a matter of course, in their proper sphere, are nowise dauntless or abashed. What may be the motive of the chapter to part with these valuable, and I may assert, indispensable members of a choir, I will not now pretend to enter into. But, I would fain ask, how far is any gentleman, in holy orders, qualified to undertake their places? A good singer, and a bold singer, is not the work of a day, nor a year; neither could any clergyman, in my humble opinion, ever sing in a cathedral, in the style and manner Machin did, at the Abbey, on Sunday afternoon last. The power, beauty, and tone of his magnificent voice, could never have been heard to greater advantage or effect, than in that sublime anthem from Job v. verse 8; and many who were there will coincide with me. Again, some few weeks back, I was at St. Paul's Cathedral; Mr. Lockey sung a solo, in the anthem from Psalms civ., "Thou spreadest out the Heavens like a curtain." The boldness, harmony, and expression he displayed on that occasion, my pen cannot do justice to. I never shall forget the beautiful manner in which he sang. I have repeatedly heard him, but in this instance I was indeed surprised.

Now, do you think it possible for any reverend gentleman even to attempt to sing in the manner and style of these celebrated men, or would it be in unison for a minister of the Gospel, even if he were blessed with superior vocal powers, to display them as Mr. Lockey did, which was strictly appropriate as a professional man, but decidedly inconsistent in any divine; were the intentions of the chapter of Hereford to be adopted by other choirs, it would be an act of gross injustice. There would be no inducement for any parent to endeavour to get his son into a choir, with the idea, at some future day, of his being lay vicar; he would be there only as a chorister for a few years, unless his voice broke, when he would be dismissed; and if clergymen are in future to be also as singing men,—lay vicars,—there is no reasonable prospect or inducement to let a youth follow a profession for a few years to be debarred any permanent advantage ultimately. Let any impartial person visit the cathedral or the abbey on Sundays—notice the great assemblage of persons,—many of the humbler classes,—the good order, attention and decorum observed—what is the principal fascination to many?—the beautiful singing and intoning of the service. We are getting a musical nation, despite of ill-natured critics, who allege we think of nothing but worldly gain; but only take away from those sacred buildings such talented men as Messrs. Lockey, Francis, Shotridge, Buckland, and Bailey from the cathedral, or Messrs. Machin, Hobbs, Gray, Bradbury, Benson, and Baruby from the abbey, you would experience very little difficulty in obtaining either a stall or a seat there on a Sunday, which, at this time, is crowded to excess.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
Westminster, 17th September, 1849.

CIVIS.

[We are sorry that the publication of this letter should have been delayed; it would have appeared the week after it was sent, but was mislaid with some other papers.—Ed.]

## MUSICAL ENIGMA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

HERE, sir, is your "nut" cracked for you; but as, in its own nature, it is quite hard enough for any mortal jaws, it is rather unfair to increase that callousness by errors in the numbers given to form the various words.

In the very first, ('Agicola,' the name of three well known musicians,) by doubling the No. 2, you would produce rather an uncommon orthography. In the second, ('A moll,' the German for a minor,) the No. 5 instead of 8, considerably embarrasses the unfortunate Edipus who is groping in the dark for your hidden meaning. The 3rd, 'Allegri,' immortalized by his *Miserere*, is correct; which is more than can be affirmed of the next. 'Allegro' is the same as Schnell, but your giving 4 instead of 8, makes it *Alligro*. After this, there is a considerable space without error. 'Amoroso demands feeling'; 'Ancora is the meed of a good singer'; 'Animuccia wrote masses for Neri'; 'Arion saved his life by music'; while 'Arne supported his by it'; 'Asor was a kind of harp,' (a piece of information that was quite new to me); then 'Cæcilia was the reputed inventor of the organ'; but not of the *oagan*, which your No. 6 would lead us to suppose. A 'Canon may be apertus, firmus, enigmaticus, perpetuus, or finitus'; and 'Cechi was a celebrated singer'; but 'Chansong, intended for the French of song,' certainly only exists in your orthographical dictionary. Your 'Choral may be probably sung in church'; and we all know that 'Cimarosa succeeded to Salieri, and that he, as well as Rossini and Himmel, composed an opera called *Semiramis*. 'Corelli was termed the musical Archangelo'; and 'Echo is a repercussion of sound.' The brothers 'Eichorn possess much musical talent'; and Gagliano was one of the founders of modern dramatic music.' But now, surely the "rare gift of genius" is required to make out that word from the numbers you have allotted to it. That the 'Gigue' is an absolute dance we may all rejoice at, as well as in the talent of the German named Glaser. Frederic the Great exhibited good taste in his admiration of 'Graun'; 'Grace' alas! is not to be found in all melodies; but what is *Grece*? so you have spelt it. 'Grosheim,' 'Hasse, il caro Sassone,' 'Horn,' 'Hummel,' 'Lanner,' 'Leo,' 'Lolo,' have all their due honours; but surely the next great singer should be named 'Mara,' not *Mare*. 'Marcello' too, we know composed fifty exquisite psalms, but I never heard of *Mercello*. After that, 'Marencio,' 'Marseillaise,' 'Minnim,' (though of this last I doubt your meaning), 'Miserere,' 'Moscheles and Hummel,' 'Mueller,' 'Muses, the patroness of music,' 'Naegeli,' 'Nemina,' 'Organ,' 'Rameau,' 'Reicha,' 'Resonance,' 'Rosaie,' 'Rossini,' 'Rosseau,' 'Hanssachs,' 'Salomon,' 'Schilling,' 'Shillings,' all appear without error; but the following 'Schumann,' the talented husband of the gifted Clara Wieck, would certainly not recognize his name as it would stand in your orthography. All the remainder, from 'Seccamara,' with 'Sessi,' 'Musical Enigma,' and Musical Glasses,' inclusive, are correct, and appropriately wound up by the 'Laugh,' which is to crown the labour of, Mr. Editor.

## A MUSICAL ENIGMA HERO.

P.S. Since writing the above, I have discovered that, by the omission of a figure, the very first name is wrong, as it should be 'Agri-cola.'

Bath, Oct, 1849.

## THE LATE MR. ROOKE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Perhaps your correspondent "Harmonicus" is not aware that when it was made known that Mr. Rooke had left a widow and a numerous family wholly unprovided for, the musical profession entered into a subscription, and got up a concert for their benefit. Mr. Cooke's widow was left in very excellent circumstances.

J. P.

## MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

THE composer who draws his materials from his instrument, is little else than a child of distress; or, at all events, is on the highway to poverty of spirit, and its inseparable companions, vulgarity and commonplace. Even his hands, and

fingers, which by eternal hammering and practising assume, at last, a kind of independency and will of their own—even these become the ignorant tyrants and task-masters of the creative faculties.

They invent nothing new; nay, what is worse, they are ever ready to war whatever is not old. Cunning and roguish, like true handicraftsmen, they patch up, from musty antiquated materials, forms of tone that have almost the look of new figures; and these, as they have something taking in their sound, bribe the ear, which sits as judge in the first instance, and secure a favourable reception.

How very differently does he create, whose inward ear is the judge of what is created, and which, in the very act of its invention, is submitted to the ordeal of criticism. This mental ear has a wonderful tact in receiving the forms of tone, and assigning to them their relative value. Herein lies that divine secret, which is known only to the initiated, and remains incomprehensible to the many.

An ear like this hears whole periods, nay, entire pieces at once. It passes over little occasional lacunæ and irregularities, content to leave them to be filled up in some happier moment; and afterwards, as time and opportunity serve, will review the whole in its parts, and not refuse to abbreviate and retouch, where maturer judgment shall point out.

An ear like this delights to see some finished whole; a form of tone with that individuality of features, which, if but once seen by the eye of a stranger, will be recognised again. This is what it desires, and not a mere *lay-figure*, a thing of shreds and patches. If the mind has conceived such an image, it must be content to let it go its time; for good things will have their due season of maturity; it must be fed with proper nourishment, and be reared with care.—Carl von Weber.

## LOLA MONTES IN BOULOGNE.

LATE on the evening of the 10th or 11th ultimo, a lady, accompanied only by a large black Newfoundland dog, arrived at the Hotel de Londres, from the Folkestone packet; and, having summoned Madame Boutoir, the proprietress of that well-arranged establishment, to her presence, she informed her that she had been recommended to her hotel, and meant to take up her abode there until the arrival of her husband, saying at the same time that the name she went by was Mrs. Trafford, to whom her letters would be addressed, but that ere long she should know who she really was. The clever hostess made no further inquiries; and the lady, who was joined next packet by her *fille de chambre*, continued to walk about the town and call at the post without observation or remark. In the course of her morning rambles, she called at Duchocois's, the jeweller's shop in the Grand Rue, with a superb ring—a royal (*quere* Bavarian) crown in brilliants—to be repaired, leaving her name and address as above. The words "Graffinn von Landsfeldt" were afterwards discovered engraved on the inner part of the setting; and on the same day a letter addressed to the Countess of Landsfeldt was brought by the postman to the Hotel de Londres, but refused by Madame Boutoir, who could not recognise under that name the lady with the dog. In the course of that day it was whispered that Lola Montes was in Boulogne; and the lady in the grey dress and mantilla of the same colour and texture, with bonnet trimmed with orange (not orange flowers), protected by the large Newfoundland dog, became at once an object of attention; and it was then and only then observed that her eyes were of a peculiar size and lustre, and that the pale cheeks and *neglige* figure may lately have been all beauty and

symmetry. On the evening of the 16th, a youthful gentleman, with downy light moustache and *nez retroussé*, apparently not out of his teens, came from London, and claimed the lady with the dog as his wife, giving his name as Mr. Heald; since then there has been no disguise, and the lady and the youth may be seen almost daily inhaling the sea-breeze on the "Porte," or enjoying rural excursions in the environs; the former riding a donkey, seated on a *Peau de Meuton*, while the latter devotedly leads the passive animal, they being now known as Lola Montes and Mr. Heald. We understand that Mr. J. A. Jones, the sculptor, is now at Boulogne modelling a bust of this singular personage.—*Correspondent of the Dublin Evening Packet.*

#### THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN.

OUR nerves have recently undergone a violent galvanic shock by the announcement of two new songs with the following titles—"Of what are you thinking?" and "I'm thinking now of thee." We do not wonder at the song writers beginning to ask each other what they can possibly be thinking of, for it is a question that common sense has long been anxious to find an answer for. We shall expect in a few days to see the music publishers announcing at the usual price of 2s., "What are you up to?" which is quite as sentimental as "Of what are you thinking?" and we may anticipate an immediate reply to "What are you up to?" in the form of a poetical exclamation of "Oh! now I'm up to snuff!" The combination of the familiar with the poetical is becoming so frequent that we may look for a string of interrogatories being set to music one of these days, and a bill in Chancery arranged as a ballad in 6-eight time, to be followed in due course by the answer drawn by an equity draughtsman, and treated as a composing draft by one of the many composers who are always on the alert to furnish an echo to the ideas of others.—*Punch.*

#### MUSICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 40 letters.  
 My 24, 17, 34, 33, 9, is the composer of 35, 4, 11, 38, 6, 32, 33, 21, 31, 36.  
 My 34, 24, 7, 3, is celebrated for his 22, 17, 23, 17, 33, 13.  
 My 33, 9, 5, 18, 30, is a renowned violinist.  
 My 13, 29, 39, 4, 17, 13, 18, is a favourite composer of dance music.  
 My 16, 33, 13, 18, 32, 4, 8, is a splendid oratorio.  
 My 26, 39, 32, 13, 32, 4, 31, 34, 15, 25, 32; and 18, 15, 25, 40, 24, 27, are great 7, 4, 25, 14, 38, 40, 39, 32, 7, 32.  
 My 1, 33, 50, 14, 10, 20, 9, 33, 22, 22, 37, is a charming singer.  
 My 19, 24, 21, 21, 4, 7, 33, is famed for his 35, 4, 39, 32, 40, 38, 25, 58.  
 My 9, 12, 18, 13, 32, 5, 32, is a celebrated composer.  
 My 29, 3, 4, 21, 34, 33, 39, 26, is the king of pianoforte players.  
 My 7, 24, 21, 37, 20, 31, 24, 39, 32, is a pleasing tenor, who lately made his *début*.  
 My 1, 17, 21, 21, 32, 33, 6, is a popular conductor.  
 My 34, 2, 29, 29, 53, 11, 32, 6, 32, plays on the 7, 36, 25, 30, 39, 38, 24, 24, 18, 18; 2.  
 All musicians, professional and amateur, join in the praise of 7, 20, 18, 14, 38.  
 My 35, 4, 9, 32, 28, is a celebrated tenor.  
 My 16, 17, 18, 32, 7, of 19, 33, 34, 33, 9, pleases all.  
 My 21, 24, 18, 15, 5, 4, 16, 34, 17, 31, 38, is a beautiful opera by 34, 33, 21, 21, 32, 5, 32.  
 My 3, 4, 9, 16, 20, 25, 32, 28, 17, 18, my 33, 5, 7, 8, 38, 25, 40, 32, 25, 27, and my 11, 17, 34, 21, 32, 35, 33, are epithets of my whole, the composer of 22, 32, 23, 24, 39, 12.  
 E. M. R.

#### MODULATION.

THE frequent use of abrupt and surprising modulation, has, for half a century past, been a besetting sin of ambitious composers; but in the present day, the rage for this species of writing, and also for chromatic harmonics and accompaniments,

has infected the style and composition to a remarkable degree. This practice has undoubtedly been resorted to by the best masters, but only on fit occasions, and even then sparingly. It has likewise been decried by the best theoretical writers. M. Schneider, in his chapter on modulation, p. 44, has the following sensible remark on the subject. "Upon the whole, however, it is impossible to establish defined and invariable rules in this respect (modulation), and the judicious artist will feel of his own accord, that he ought only to resort to extraordinary means, in cases where he wishes to produce great and extraordinary effects; and further," he adds, "it will be of use, in this respect, to examine the classic works of good masters."

It may be learnt from the works of the best masters, that the charm of modulation does not consist in passing abruptly to non-related or extraneous keys, but in making occasional excursions into the relative keys. This is the system, says Reicha, which was followed by the most celebrated composers, from the days of Palestrina to Sebastian Bach; and to which, unfortunately, so little attention is given in our times.

But this would be spurned by the young and ambitious composer of the present day. What! cramp his genius by confining it to so contracted a circle of modulation as the tonic and its five relative keys afford!—and yet there are seven hundred and twenty ways in which the order of these keys may be varied—thus affording ample room for the composer's imagination to range, without the risk of mystifying himself and his hearers.

FINLAY DUN.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. MACREADY will commence the first of his series of farewell performances, at the Haymarket, on Monday. He will appear in *Macbeth*. Among the characters he intends to personate, will be comprised Iago, the performance of which we have always considered one of his greatest efforts. Mr. Macready has lately played Iago in Manchester with immense effect.

MR. HENRY NICHOLLS has been delivering a series of Shaksperian readings at Blagrove's Rooms, Mortimer Street.

BANVARD'S PANORAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—This magnificent painting will remain but for a very short period on view in Liverpool. We would, therefore, earnestly recommend all who have not seen this unequalled panorama, to avail themselves of the present opportunity, and at once see this truthful and splendid representation of the great father of waters. On Wednesday afternoon, we understand, about 250 boys, and 150 girls, from the Blue Coat Hospital, were admitted gratuitously by Mr. Banvard to view his great work of art, and that he has it in contemplation to invite the children of some of the other public institutions to view the panorama before it leaves town. The children of the Blue Coat Hospital, whose neatness and propriety of conduct during the exhibition attracted much attention, seemed much delighted with the treat thus kindly afforded them.—*Liverpool Mail.*

FINE ARTS IN CORK AND DUBLIN.—It is a curious fact, that fifty-two subscribers have been obtained in Cork to Winterhalter's picture of the royal family, although the picture was only exhibited here for three weeks; while not more than seventy subscribers could be found in Dublin, although it was exhibited in that city for three months, and the Earl and Countess of Clarendon were at the head of the list. Have we more taste or greater loyalty in Cork than there is in Dublin? Three proof engravings of the artist to whom the picture is entrusted for execution were sold here for fifteen guineas.—*Cork Examiner.*

MACCLESFIELD.—SERIOUS ACCIDENT AT THE THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, the 22nd ult., Mr. Acraman and Mr. Calhaem were going through a desperate fight, introduced in the second act of the *Forest Foundling*, when, by accident, the former stabbed the latter in the face with a dagger, inflicting a wound which, for some time, was considered serious.



**TUNBRIDGE WELLS.**—There was a grand concert at the Sussex Hotel Assembly Room on Wednesday, which was attended by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and suite, as well as by all the rank and fashion of the place and neighbourhood. There was an extraordinary combination of talent, consisting of Madame Sontag, Signor Lablache, F. Lablache, Calzolari, and Bellini, with Thalberg as pianist. It was the most brilliant affair of the season, and the reception of the several distinguished artistes was most enthusiastic and flattering.

**LIVERPOOL.**—**MR. LOVER'S ENTERTAINMENT.**—Sam Lover is as notorious a character as Sam Weller, and quite as amusing, though a little more highly polished. He has this week been giving, with his usual success, his celebrated and justly popular "Irish Evenings." They literally overflow with Irish wit and humour, and as in these eventful times nothing is more beneficial for body and mind than a hearty laugh, we advise all who would enjoy a good side-shaking to spend an evening—an Irish Evening—with Mr. Samuel Lover. He appears to night to his old friends and admirers—the frequenters of Saturday Evening Concerts.—*Liverpool Mail.*

**THE AMPHITHEATRE.**—The success which attended the recent engagement of Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Mr. Buckstone has induced the manager again to bring them before the public at this theatre for a limited number of nights. Their drollery is inimitable, and the auditories, which are respectable, are almost convulsed with laughter. Miss Fielding has also gained many admirers in the pathetic; and Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. H. Chester, being less boisterous than heretofore, are more natural in their declamation, and of consequence are much improved. Both these gentlemen have many high qualifications for their profession, if they would get rid of some of their faults. The style in which the pieces have lately been produced at this theatre is beyond all praise. There has also been some pretty dancing by Mademoiselle Deulin, and Gribbiu's military band has attracted much attention.—*Liverpool Mail.*

**FOLKESTONE.**—**HARVEIAN LITERARY INSTITUTION LECTURE ROOM.**—On Friday week Mr. John Parry, for the first time gave his popular entertainment, "The Lights and Shadows of Life." He was received by a crowded and fashionable audience with enthusiasm, such as is seldom witnessed. The lecture-room was for the first time lighted with gas.

**MANCHESTER.**—We have much pleasure in directing attention to the programme of lectures and musical entertainments issued by the directors of the Athenæum for the ensuing quarter. Our musical favourites, John Parry and Henry Phillips, are not the least of the attractions here offered for the patronage of the Manchester public. The new number of the *Athenæum Gazette*, containing much interesting matter, will, it appears, be distributed gratuitously to the members on Thursday morning.—*Manchester Examiner.*

**THE POPE ON THE STAGE.**—A good deal of conversation has been excited by the production of a piece at the theatre of the Porte St. Martin, bearing the ambitious title of *Rome*. The hero of the piece is no less a personage than the Pope himself—the actual present living Pope, Pius IX. His Holiness having in his younger days served as an officer in the Russian campaign, contrived, like a romantic young officer, to fall in love, was disappointed, and then, renouncing the world, entered the Church, rose to be Pope, threw the world, with the best intentions, into flame, and had to fly. All which circumstances are boldly woven into a play.

**MUSIC IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.**—Instrumental music, during the reign of Elizabeth, made but small progress towards that state of perfection which it has since attained. The lute and virginal were the only instruments for which any tolerable music seems to have been expressly composed. The violin was then hardly known by the English; and therefore that superior power of expressing almost all that a human voice can produce, except the articulation of words, seemed at that time so utterly impossible, that it was not considered a gentleman's instrument, or worthy of being admitted into good company. Viols of various sizes with six strings, and fretted like the guitar, began indeed to be employed in chamber concerts; for when the performance was public, these instruments were too feeble for the obtuse organs of our Gothic ancestors; and

the wretched state of our regal music in the time of Henry the Eighth, 1530, may be gathered from the accounts given in Hall's and Hollinshed's Chronicles, of a masque at Cardinal Wolsey's palace at Whitehall, where the King was entertained with a concert of drums and fifes! But this was soft music, compared with that of his heroic daughter Elizabeth, who, according to Henxner, used to be regaled during dinner, with twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums, which, together with fifes, cornets and side drums, made the hall ring for half an hour together!—*Burgh's Anecdotes of Music.*

**THE TWO NOBLE PORTESSES.**—Lady Margaret and Lady Anne Lindsay were attached to each other through life by unusually warm feelings of sisterly affection. Of Lady Margaret's personal charms and mental accomplishments, the recorded admiration of her contemporaries, and many beautiful poems, original or translated from the German, are surviving proofs. "Beauty and grace," says Lady Anne, "formed her figure; feminine mildness and dignity her manners. Her conversation was as gay as it was enlightened, and had often so much of the brilliancy of harmless wit in it, that nothing could have saved her from the envy which pursues it, but the softness of her manner, which so blunted, or rather veiled its point, that the listener went away, charmed with her as a beautiful woman, without having found out that her capacity was even superior to her beauty. Her eyes were dark blue, and, though small, were full of animation, when she smiled, though softness was their character; but it was the eyelids which gave to them that singular expression of beatitude which involuntarily suggested the word "angel" to the gazer on whom those mild rays fell. Her hair was auburn, inclining to red, her nose Greek, approaching to aquiline; her mouth might be supposed a little too wide, but it was surrounded with smiles which shewed a set of teeth so pure and fine, that it was impossible to have wished the house smaller that lodged such tenants. Her general form and stature had the fulness in it of youth's first bloom, while her skin and complexion had all its lustre and delicacy; but the turn of her face and throat—it was Grecian beauty's own self! Never have I heard any voice in singing so melodious; it had that perfect affinity with her appearance which lent and borrowed from it additional charms; it possessed that natural *affettuoso* which often surprised tears from the listener he knew not why. Her understanding and abilities were of the first class, although disregarded and almost unknown to herself. She possessed that which I have rarely met with in women, that clearness of thought and facility of expression which involuntarily led her to give back the idea she had received so embellished and improved, that its author, like Dr. Brocklesby, was 'astonished at his own success.' Often have I found the advantage of this, when, as Sir Sheriff Cross said, 'I could not see the wood for trees,' while Margaret saw not a twig more or less than she ought. Languages were easy to her, and she could argue on any subject which occurred naturally, with a discrimination and justice rarely to be met with. I knew not how she acquired knowledge,—our old library, in which we had leave to 'drive through the sea of books without pilot or rudder,' and which was next our bed-chamber, afforded the same musty volumes to both sisters; but the owls hooted away all the philosophers taught me, while Margaret's memory retained everything. It was in acquirement only her natural indolence was laid aside; in everything else it appeared as if she left me, her elder sister, whom she loved and looked up to, to think, feel, and act for her. Along with these varied accomplishments, let me not omit to add her perfect benevolence, her tenderness for the sufferings of others, her patience in bearing with their infirmities, her purity of principle and natural piety, deep and calm. It was her only imperfection, that nature had given her a sensibility so acute to ridicule or blame, that it was difficult to find words so tender as not to hurt her feelings or alarm her pride—she needed my cheerful careless view of things, the hope and hilarity of my self content, to reassure her respecting herself. . . . With such a figure for a partner, with such a friend to my heart, I entered life; nor is that tie dissolved, nor is that form escaped to its sky—all, all remains unimpaired, except by the ravages of the cruel scythe, which mows down every flower and every charm, to make us think of that spot where they will fade no more."—*Lives of the Lindsays.*

**SIGNOR DE BEGNIS INSULTED.**—A correspondent of the *Message Bird*, New York paper, says:—"One afternoon the signor stepped into my office, and said, 'I go to one grand partie to-night—one beautiful lady—very fine, in ze fourteen streets.' Next morning he made his appearance rather earlier than usual, with almost a thunder-cloud on his brow. I saluted him—'Well, signor, why do you look so cross this morning?' 'Cross, you say, by gar, cannot I so look as I please?' 'Well, I guess that the pretty lady must have given you the mitten last night.' 'Ze mitten, what is he? what you call ze mitten?' 'Why you must have had a quarrel with your beautiful lady.' 'Yes, by gar, vat you tink'—punching me in the ribs with his finger. 'I go to ze partie, I see ze lady—oh, beautiful lady—she sit down by me and talk about ze opera, very fine lady—talk about Donizetti. I say, 'Madame, I have teach Donizetti—I have tare his manuscript in his face, and make him write him one, two, three times—I have make him sing for him his first composition, when I was the manager.' Madame say, 'Signor de Begnis, you play piano?' 'Yes, madame.' I play for madame. I sing, 'J'ai de l'argent; madame very much pleased—oh, very fine lady—she talk with me once more. 'Signor, you know the opera, *Il Barbiere de Siviglia*?' 'Il Barbiere? madame, Rossini has writ him for me—I am ze Barbiere; wiz me ze Barbiere has been born. Madame ask me to play guitar; I play for Madame—so beautiful lady I could not refuse. By gar, what you tink she ask me next? What you tink?' at the same time shaking me by the shoulder as if to rouse my thinking faculties. 'She say, 'Signor de Begnis, you play accorcion? I never so insult—I get up—I leave ze house—I never go there once more!' With this he paced up and down the office at a most furious rate, almost frothing at the mouth at the indignity offered him."

**ENGLISH GLEES.**—In our madrigals, catches, and glees, especially in our glees, we possess the richest stores of vocal harmony in the world. The glee is peculiarly English. There may be a few specimens of foreign imitation, but they are little cared for in their own countries, and nowhere are they of any worth. Here, on the contrary, we count our glees of first-rate merit by hundreds, and regard them with heart-home admiration. Almost all our great composers have written glees; and many, of excellent knowledge and original genius, have won enduring fame by writing glees alone. A glee in its original sense was justly described by Doctor Burney as being "a song of three or more parts, upon a gay or merry subject, in which all the voices begin and end together, singing the same words." But the glee was found capable of expressing other moods of feeling besides mirth and gaiety, and so its sphere came to be extended so far as to include the expression of well-nigh every leading sensation and passion of the brain and heart of man. We have now accordingly glees in every strain, from the sublime and pathetic to the social and jocose. And exquisite they are as pieces of vocal harmony, whatever may be the character of tone they assume, and the class of feelings they evoke.—*Frazer's Magazine*.

**TODMORDEN CONCERT.**—The Harmonic Society gave a miscellaneous concert on Thursday night week, in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Miss Shaw and Mrs. Peace, from Yorkshire, were engaged on the occasion, and gave great satisfaction. Combined with their talent was that of Messrs. James Sutcliffe, John Chadwick, Thomas Greenwood, and R. Lord. The pieces selected were from the best authors, and were performed in good style. The society is rising in the estimation of the public, and bids fair to be one of the first of its class. The audience was both numerous and respectable. Mr. Charles Greenwood presided at the pianoforte, and was loudly encored in the performance of a fantasia.

**MUSIC IN A COAL PIT.**—On Wednesday last, a party of eleven gentlemen, by permission of the Messrs. Crosse, agents to Mr. Rylands, manufacturer, descended a new coal pit, now being sunk under the superintendence of Mr. Houghton, and on a scaffold lowered about 100 yards from the surface, sang a selection of Anthems and Psalms, accompanied by Mr. Wyseall on the violin, and Mr. Adams on the violoncello. After spending two pleasant hours, they again safely ascended the shaft, and afterwards adjourned to the Messrs. Crosse, where dinner had been provided for them.—*Wigan Times*.

**A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.**—Herr Ferdinand Sommer, professor of music to the Prince of Wurtemberg, has invented a new instrument, which he has named "Euphonia." It is said to possess greater power and deeper tones than the "Ophicleide." No doubt Jullien, the indefatigable in research, will not allow so huge a novelty to escape his observation, and we may reckon upon having the gratification of hearing the "Ophicleide"—surpassing "Euphonia" at Jullien's Drury Lane Concert.

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